

PTAL 112





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The Hahn-O-Scope
of the
Class of 1932

"Not Somehow — But Triumphantly"

The Hahnemann Hospital
School of Nursing



M. Mauer

Foreword

Our Class has endeavored to derive the full benefit of past experiences, e'en back as far as the "first nurse."

In this modern era our daily problems are infinitesimal in solution, in comparison with hers.

It is our ambition to strive for higher planes and grander ideals, keeping in mind constantly the lessons learned and the lessons to be taught, which, when mastered, lead to infinite satisfaction.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



TO AUBREY B. WEBSTER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"In an effort to show our deep appreciation of his tireless, inspiring daily work, we humbly dedicate this volume."

—CLASS OF 1932.

My Doctor

He says that he is just a man like me,
But God has breathed His Spirit into his soul,
And taught his mind and given skill of hand
To make my broken body once more whole.

With quiet art he searches till he finds
The weak spots in this temple made of clay,
And then he uses all that God has given
To turn my night of suffering into day.

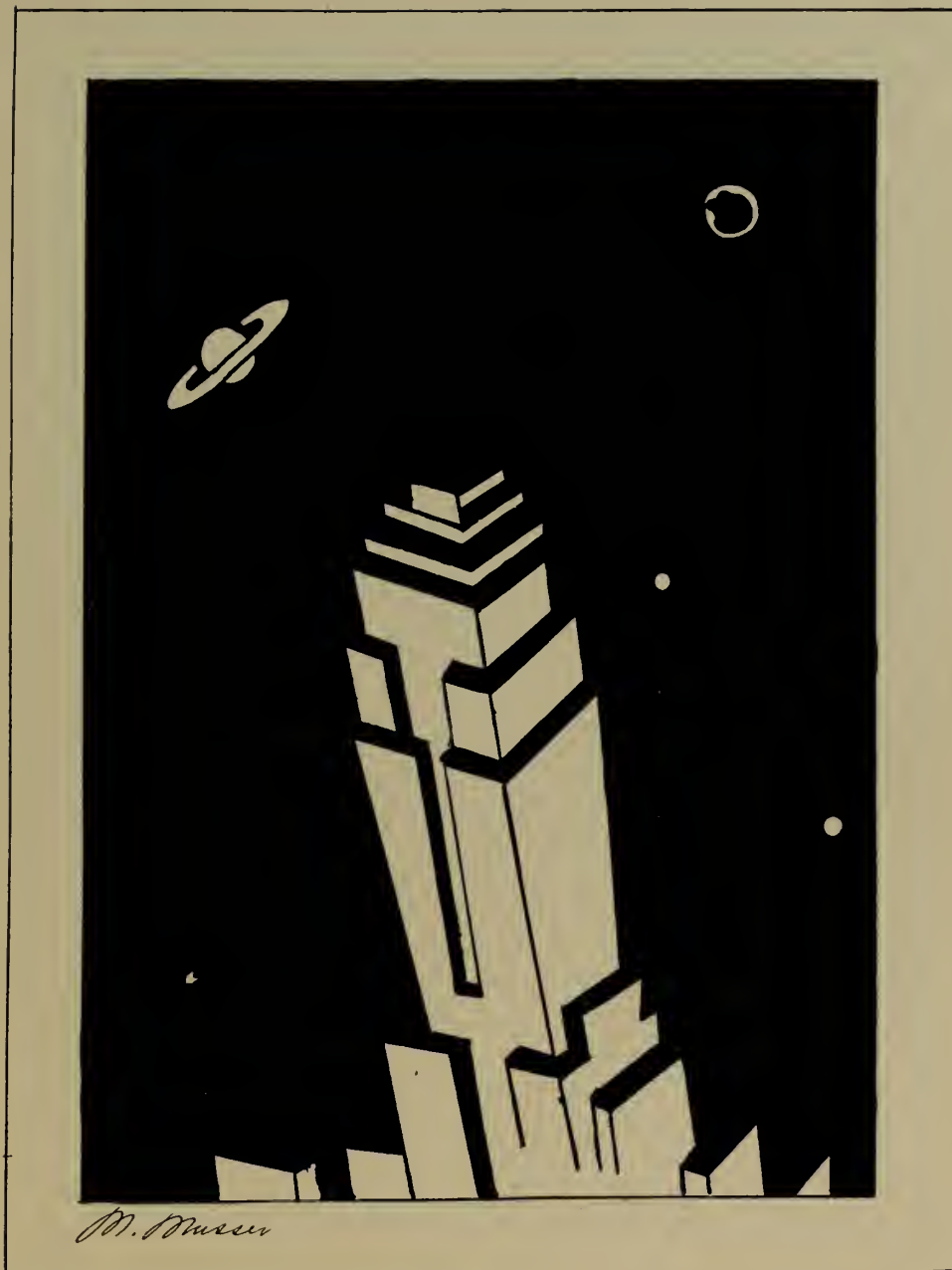
His eyes are full of all the pain I know,
His heart bears heavy burdens not his own,
And when his healing voice has said "Be strong,"
I rise to walk life's journey, all alone.

What sleepless nights and wearying days are his,
As needs he meets of man and maid and child—
To each the fullness of his heart he brings,
As though it were the Father's mercy mild.

Would there were songs to praise such men in full,
Who mend our bodies, rid our minds of strife,
And then to others turn with self-same need,
As we fare on and up the hills of life.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

“**I** SOLEMNLY
PLEDGE MYSELF BEFORE GOD AND IN
THE PRESENCE OF THIS ASSEMBLY TO
PASS MY LIFE IN PURITY AND TO
PRACTICE MY PROFESSION FAITH-
FULLY. I WILL ABSTAIN FROM WHAT-
EVER IS DELETERIOUS AND MISCHIE-
VOUS AND WILL NOT KNOWINGLY
ADMINISTER ANY HARMFUL DRUG. I
WILL DO ALL IN MY POWER TO ELE-
VATE THE STANDARD OF MY PROFES-
SION, AND WILL HOLD IN CONFIDENCE
ALL PERSONAL MATTERS COMMITTED
TO MY KEEPING AND ALL FAMILY AF-
FAIRS COMING TO MY KNOWLEDGE IN
THE PRACTICE OF MY CALLING. WITH
LOYALTY WILL I ENDEAVOR TO AID
THE PHYSICIAN IN HIS WORK AND
DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE WEL-
FARE OF THOSE COMMITTED
TO MY CARE.”



Administration





S. ANNABELLE SMITH, R.N

Directress of Nurses

Remember . . . This profession of ours exists only because of a need of humanity. It represents more than manual skill based on accurate knowledge. It represents, also, human understanding and the practical application of the science of health. No member of it should deviate from the high ideal of character and altruism, with which the public has glorified it.



TO SARAH MERRIMAN DYER, R.N.

Instructress in Theory

Who, in her understanding of us, as girls, helped us to strive to become real nurses, giving us the incentive to be as patient, as conscientious and as loyal to our Alma Mater as she.

—CLASS OF 1932.

For the last three years you, the Class of 1932, and your Sponsor have worked together in the "invisible comradeship" of student and teacher. The association has been an inspiration and a delight to me, as instructor. Now the association is about to end; before you is "set an open door and no man can shut it"—the open door to happiness and achievement.

SARA MERRIMAN DYER.



LOIS BAUSMAN

Former Instructress in Practical Nursing

To one for whom we felt deep respect and admiration. Her poise, culture and winning manner we all tried to absorb. We hope a little of a nurse's fine qualities are evident in us as a tribute to one of our first and finest instructresses. Many thanks and best wishes for continued success.

—CLASS OF 1932.



MISS COTILLIS
Instructress in Practical Nursing

Enter to learn,
Go forth to serve.



MISS ELWELL

Supervisor of Fifteenth Floor

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.



SARA D. FINE

Supervisor of Dispensaries

To thine own self be true and it follows as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.



LILLIAN FREAS
Supervisor of Ninth Floor

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!"

—Goethe



EMILIE AZINGER
Supervisor of Twelfth Floor

Best wishes for your future.



MARY VERONICA GORMLEY
Supervisor of Medical Wards

The lives of truest heroism are those in which there are no great deeds to look back upon. It is the little things well done that go to make up a successful and truly good life.

--Theodore Roosevelt.



ALICE FRANCES GUINEY

Supervisor of Obstetrics

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."



BEATRICE D. HERVEY
Supervisor of Clinic

There is nothing in life so gratifying as a duty nobly and conscientiously performed. Let your professional lives be thus fulfilled.



ELIZABETH JONES
Supervisor of Eleventh Floor

Best of luck.



CLAIRE KREISER

Pediatric Supervisor

Be Strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song!



VIRGINIA P. LOWE

Supervisor of Surgical Wards

"Set about what thou intendest to do:
The beginning is half the battle."

—Caesar.



RUTH ROMIG
Night Supervisor



ANNA M. RICHMOND, R.N.
Supervisor of Gynecology

Let us laugh at the telltale years
And smile at the changing weather,
With friendship joy to cheer us on
As we climb life's hill together.



SOPHIA SASKOVITZ
Supervisor of Accident and Admission Ward



NORA E. SMETHERS

Night Supervisor

Build today, then strong and sure,
With firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

—Longfellow.



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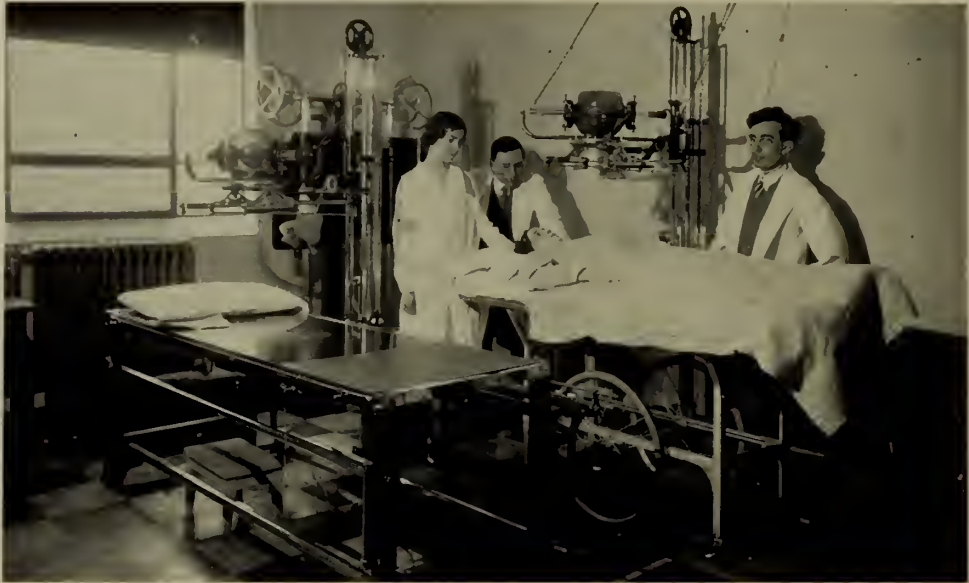


PRIVATE ROOM



PEDIATRIC SOLARIUM

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



X-RAY DEPARTMENT



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY



GYNECOLOGICAL EXAMINING ROOM



WOMEN'S MEDICAL WARD

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



DELIVERY ROOM



WARD NURSERY



M. Muen.

Seniors

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



MARGARET ADORJAN

COATESVILLE, PA.

"Peg"

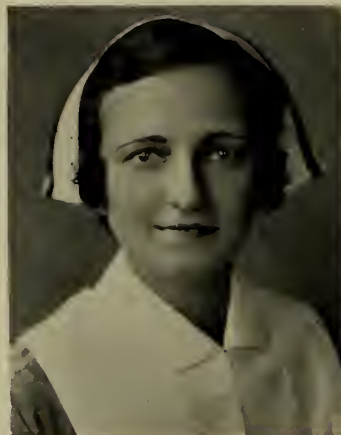
The effect of her personality is shown by her many friends.

ESTELLE ELIZABETH ALBERTS

SHENANDOAH, PA.

"Stel"

Frank and judicious with good intentions.



ANNA CONRAD ANTES

COATESVILLE, PA

"Ann"

Ann's slow step and speech belie her accomplishments.



LOUISE L. BAYNES

SHEFFIELD, PA.

"Lou"

Sincere and tactful—quite a combination.

MARY ELIZABETH BLACKBURN

ALTOONA, PA.

"Blackie"

Mary's cleverness and wit can be appreciated in this book.



CLARE ANNA BRADNEY

RENOVO, PA.

"Brad"

Enthusiasm marks everything Brad does.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



WANDA GUNNISON BUDAHN

POTTSVILLE, PA.

"Budie"

Calm and peace at any cost.

ELLEN MARIE BUFFINGTON

PILLOW, PA.

"Buffie"

A dash of freckles and an even disposition.



MARGARET TURNER CLEMENT

MANTUA TERRACE, PA.

"Clem"

Peg is one of our best warblers; 6 A. M. to 7 P. M.,
my, can she sing!





ETHEL CLINTON

COATESVILLE, PA.

"Eppie"

Whether it's work or fun,
Ethel's always on the run.

VERDA ESTHER CLOUSE

LANDISBURG, PA.

"Clousie"

Clousie never worries. Look at her smile!



MARY NATALIE CONNOLLY

HIGHBRIDGE, N. J.

"Connie"

You can tell at just one glance Mary loves to dance
and dance.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



HELEN MAE CRONRATH

WATSONTOWN, PA.

"Connie"

Time and experience have changed Connie all to the good.



KATHERINE ELIZABETH CROWE

NORWOOD, PA.

"Kitty"

Gifts of nature sometimes comes in abundance.



JANE CUSINTINE

WESTVILLE, N. J.

"Jane"

Her way, her eyes, her smile—which is it casts the spell?



HAZEL LORRAINE DOSCH

MIDDLETOWN, PA.

"Doschie"

If you are bent down with cares of the day, find
Doschie. She'll chase them away.

MARY ELEANOR EARNSHAW

HONEYBROOK, PA.

"Punkin"

Earnie is full of pep, noise and amiability.



MILDRED RUTH EVANS

BANGOR, PA.

"Mil"

Do gentlemen prefer blondes because Mil is one or
because blondes are like Mil?

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



DOROTHY GRANT FALCONER

CAMDEN, N. J.

"Dotty"

A perfect friend, a sweet manner, one of the best.

HELEN ANNA FAUST

MAHANOEY CITY, PA.

"Helen"

If you get there before it's over, you're on time.



DOROTHEA BARBARA FISCHER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Fischer"

Ambition, enthusiasm, precision—To us Fischer is synonymous to the alloy formed by the combination of these outstanding characteristics.





FLORENCE MAY FOSNOCHT

COATESVILLE, PA.

"Flossie"

Titian hair does not denote temper in Flossie. She's quiet.

URSULA GERALDINE FOX

ALTOONA, PA.

"Jerry"

Easy on the eyes, easy-going, easy to like.



MARGARET FOY

COATESVILLE, PA.

"Peg"

Silence is a virtue which few possess. Peg has it.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



VIRGINIA EDNA GERDLEMAN

FRANKFORD, PA.

"Ginny"

Poise and personality—there you have Ginny.

VIOLA RUTH GLASGOW

OLNEY, PA.

"Vi"

Vi's smile is like a flashlight—quick and bright.



SARAH JOHNSON GODFREY

CAMDEN, N. J.

"Sally"

Always happy, always gay,
Always talking, so they say.



HELEN IRENE HAAS

RENOVO, PA.

"Haws"

Is it possible always to hurry and still be late? Sure.
Ask Helen.

LAURA HANKINSON

OAK LANE, PA.

"Hank"

Just being happy, loyal and true,
Looking on the bright side, rather than the blue.



ALMA MAE HILDENBRAND

SHENANDOAH, PA.

"Alimony"

Alma is made up of capability, carbohydrates and
musical compositions.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



ALICE MARGUERITE HOBBS

PROSPECT PARK, PA.

"Rite"

Some griping, then a giggle, Hobbsie's around.

HARRIET ANNE IRVING

NORWOOD, PA.

"Harriet"

A constant smile, a charming way—that's Harriet.



THELMA CATHERINE JOHNSON

GERMANTOWN, PA.

"Johnnie"

Aim high, there's plenty of room at the top.



ALMA CLARA JONES

BANGOR, PA.

"Alma"

We have always found Alma to be a good sport.

OLIVIA KATHARINE JONES

BANGOR, PA.

"Jonesy"

Few there are who do not appreciate that special brand of humor.



JANE ALICIA KALDON

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Jane"

Jane is small, but embodies many beautiful ideals.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



MARGARET DOROTHY KAZLUSKI

MINERSVILLE, PA.

"Peggie"

Her quiet generosity has merited her a host of friends.

ALICE HELENE KESSLER

SHENANDOAH, PA.

"Kessler"

Knowing when to be silent and when to talk is an art.



EDITH GERTRUDE KILDUFF

BROOKLINE, PA.

"Billie"

For a small person, Edith holds all records for large orations.



VIRGINIA ELEANOR KIMSEY

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"Ginia"

Natural accents are fascinating, especially Southern ones.

DELMA VIRGINIA KIRKPATRICK

HATBORO, PA.

"Kirky"

Kirkie has never swerved from fulfilling her nursing ideals.



FRANCES VIRGINIA KOFROTH

LITITZ, PA.

"Fritz"

A big girl with a bigger heart is putting it mildly.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



CATHERINE MARY LAVELLE

ASHLAND, PA.

"Lavelle"

Determination and gentle persuasion go a long way.

FREDA MARY LOEW

BRIDGETON, N. J.

"Loew"

Very shy and "retiring," is our description.



RUTH ELEANOR MACRAE

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"Mac"

Mac is a gem, but worries too much to realize it.



ANNA KATHERINE MACRE

HAMMONTON, N. J.

"Mac"

Time and tide wait for no man, but that doesn't
bother Mac

HAZEL MILDRED McGUIGAN

POMEROY, PA.

"Mickey"

We can't decide whether Mickey will put "Mickey
Mouse" out of business or compete with "High
Pressure Salesman Homer."



LOIS ALMA MENGES

WATSONTOWN, PA.

"Menges"

Wouldn't Lois be happy playing a piano in a movie?

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



ELLA MAE MOORE

WOODSTOWN, N. J.

"Ella"

Ella needs her rest, and we need Ella for our daily supply of dry humor.

HAZEL GRACE MOORE

EPHRATA, PA.

"Mitzi"

Mitzi's inimitable impersonations are a constant source of recreation for us.



RUTH FRANCES MORRIS

WEST CHESTER, PA.

"Morris"

I study with all my might and main,
And when I'm through I start again.



MAY RUTH MUSSER

ALTOONA, PA.

"Musser"

May has intellect, in our book, expressed in art.

FLORENCE WHITE OTTEY

COATESVILLE, PA.

"Ottey"

Clean and neat, and quite petite, meet Miss Ottey.



MILDRED OWENS

BANGOR, PA.

"Mil"

We wish Owens success with all her plans, professional, domestic, etc.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



MARGARET ERNESTINE PAINTER

DELANCO, N. J.

"Marge"

A good scout, a great pal, with hair that poets write about.

GLADYS ALMIRA PETTIT

MILLVILLE, N. J.

"Pettit"

Pettit must have secrets. We can't find out what or who she likes.



SADIE JUANITA PRICHARD

ASHLAND, PA.

"Pritch"

When she will, you can depend on it;
When she won't, that's the end of it.





IRMA KATHRYN REEVES

DELANCO, N. J.

"Irm"

Irm keeps us posted on all the latest songs; she must have a reason to sing.

VESTA LOUELLA REINER

TOWER CITY, PA.

"Tiny"

Giggle again, giggle some more;
Vesta will giggle forevermore.



ELLEN DIANAH RENNINGER

BOYERTOWN, PA.

"Renne"

Ellen is very quiet; some don't know she's around.
But those who know her, cherish what they've found

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



GRACE RICHARDSON

OVERBROOK, PA.

"Pat"

Pat's constant witticisms let us know she's about,
even though she's hard to see.

HELEN FERNE RITTER

ATGLEN, PA.

"Helen"

"Let tomorrow take care of itself. Why worry?"
says Helen.



HELEN FRANCES SCHNEIDER

WILMINGTON, DEL.

"Snitz"

No one can tell of what she dreams.
Is it castles in Spain or mischievous schemes?



SARAH SCHOFIELD

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Sally"

Sally's eyes have bewitched quite a few; watch them.

NAOMI BERNEICE SCHREY

MONTGOMERY, PA.

"Schrey"

Berneice finds it easy not to have trouble by just not looking for it.



INEZ LILLIAN SMITH

BANGOR, PA.

"Inez"

It is a great accomplishment to be self-possessed.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



CHRISTINE MACGREGOR STRANG
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
"Chris"
Strange—calculative—liked.



NAOMI McCLINTOCK STRONG
HOLMESBURG, PA.
"Strong"
Strong has won our respect and admiration by her
fine adaptability.



RUTH HELEN TIERNEY
ALTOONA, PA.
"Tierney"
Intangible—aloof, yet svelte.



ETHEL ESTHER TURPIN

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

"Turpie"

Turpie is sweet, unassuming and diligent.

ALMA MATER WALLS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Pete"

Pete's quiet manner is the type that endears her to those who know her.



RUTH LYDIA WARD

HARRINGTON, DEL.

"Wardie"

A frequent smile, a willing hand, a happy future predicted.

Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing



LOIS VIRGINIA WEBER

ROSLYN, PA.

"Weber"

My boy friends are many, my off hours few.
What in the world shall I do?

GRACE WILCOX

OCEAN CITY, N. J.

"Willie"

In again, out again, back again, gone again—that
was Willie.



NAOMI RUTH ZERBE

LEBANON, PA.

"Zerb"

Pattering, chattering, Zerb's tongue goes as fast as
her feet.



MARION KROPP

To miss someone as much as we do Kroppie must mean that she gave us pleasure when she was around us. She gave all of herself to her task and has left a memorable record. Much love and hopes for a speedy recovery.

—YOUR CLASSMATES.





Classes



SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class

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Intermediates

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S. STANLEY

A. WHITEHEAD

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R. YANNI



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D. GORDON	E. WATTERSON
E. GOSLING	N. WRIGHT



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A. BAUSER	H. M. FISHER	F. RITCHIE
C. BELL	E. FUNK	M. RITZEL
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M. DAVIES	J. KUPIC	H. WHITE
G. DOAN	L. McILVAIN	C. ZOOK
G. DOLAN	J. METTFETT	

My Aim

To work, to love, to live my day,
To pass along life's changing way;
To give to those who seek my aid
My help—for I am not afraid.
To use my eyes for those who're blind;
To work for God and for mankind,
To finish all that I've begun,
And hear at last—
Well done, well done.

M. BLACKBURN.



Activities



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Dear Book Staff

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E. CLINTON.....	Assistant Editor
R. MACRAE } T. JOHNSON }	Business Managers
M. MUSSER.....	Art Editor
K. CROWE } E. EARNSHAW }	Historians
G. RICHARDSON } S. PRITCHARD }	Prophecy



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Glee Club

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<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY FRANCES GRAY
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A. FOX	L. MCILVAIN	
D. GORDON	C. MERCER	



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Basketball

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Business Manager.....ANN KATES

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VIOLA GLASGOW (*Captain*)

FRANCES KOFROTH	ETHEL GREAVES
CLAIRE BRADNEY	LAURA SEEBER
MARY SHEARER	LUBO KOHUT
MARY FISHER	ROSE YANNI
ALICE LOFINK	TREINA LORD
HILDA SCHWARTZ	HAZEL MCGUIGAN



STUDENT COUNCIL

Student Government

Our Student Government is presided over by a group of girls chosen by the student body. They intercede for us when extra late passes are desired, and mete out punishment when necessary; and when the basketball team needs suits or we want a radio, the Student Government supplies financial aid. The Council tries to make us want to abide by the rules of the institution and keep up the good name of which we are so proud.

<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	MISS ALICE F. GUINEY
<i>President</i>	HAZEL M. MCGUIGAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE LAVELLE
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY E. FISHER
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Class Representatives

1933—D. E. FISHER AND VERNA HARTRANFT. 1934—NETTIE SANTO

To the Graduating Class

THE time has come, the Walrus said, to speak of many things; of ships and shoes and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings. We heed the advice of the Walrus and with the hope that you will find sincerity and honest good will in the ensuing words, we speak.

In ships and shoes and sealing wax we have no interest. Cabbages we despise, and kings have no place in our happy republic. Rather let us speak of orders and delivery rooms, of staff men and of—of—well—of some things we adroitly shall remain silent.

Would that we knew your true impression of us. When we asked you to prepare a patient at six-thirty, if we could only have read your mind. When you rushed from floor to floor in search of our impossible drug, what did you say? What thought you when we deferred redressing till seven? However did you conceal your scorn, when we made such obvious mistakes?

We, and you, are young—and far ahead stretch years of memories. Persons, incidents, schooldays, professors shall of course stand forth in our minds, but there is not one interne who will think of his service without at once remembering you, the nurses.

From you we received respect, aid, and friendship. To you we owe the same holy trinity. You helped us, you taught us, you irritated us, you forgave us as only a friend can.

Nurse and interne, interne and nurse, hand in hand across the bed of the suffering—comforting, allaying pain, encouraging, forgetful of self and of each other in the interest of the patient. Oh, we could go on forever, sincerely speaking of fevered brow, of cool hand, using like classic phrases, but to what end?

And so, Walrus-like, our mind moves on and we speak of other things. Of the future too much cannot be said. Perhaps, if all goes well and the fates smile, we shall again work together. We feel sure that your white uniforms won't change you. You will still be pleasant, gentle, intelligent and unselfish. And pray, what more can one ask in a nurse?

With sincere feeling we toast you, Black-banded Graduates. May you impress all as you have impressed us; may you continue always helping him who needs help; may you have many pleasant, and shall we say chronic cases; and above all may you remain in the future as we have known you.

We congratulate you heartily; we thank you and wish you . . .

Good Luck.

Sincerely,

THE INTERNES.

Our Internes

DAVID ANDRUS.....Mr. God.....What makes him so wonderful?
GERALD FINCKE.....JerrySlow but sure.
HARRY GARDINERHenQuiet and helpful.
HENRY KOHLER.....HankThey say women talk!
LOUIS KOSTER.....KosAccommodating.
ELMER HERRING.....FishCan he use up the blue order sheets?
JACOB LEHMAN.....JakeWitty when not quiet.
NORMAN LEPPER....NormWhat a line! What a line!
STANLEY MOYER.....StanLaughing at or with us?
DAVID NORTHROP....DaveWhat do you think?
RICHARD NORTHROP..DickHow about redressing? (at 6.45).
MARTIN PACKMAN...Marty“Merry old St. Nicholas.”
LAWRENCE POWELL..Larry“An egg and milk would go good, now.”
LLOYD PERSOL.....Ella“Isn’t Blondex lovely?”
NEVIN SEITZ.....NubsWhat’s the matter with Dr. Bernstein’s tonic?
MICHELE VIGLIONE..MikeNot much time for fooling.
CARL WARE.....CarlWho spoils our patients?
DOUGLAS WASLEY....DougSmile and the world smiles with you.
GEORGE STEIN.....G. Harnish...Conscientious to the *n*th degree.

A Nurse's Prayer

Oh, for that strength and unlimited power,
To stand erect in body, mind and soul—
That as I work, in this great house of sorrow
I remain undisturbed by the suff'rings within.
Give me the strength to uplift the weak,
The cool touch to soothe a heated brow,
Welcome as a cool breeze after the heat,
Or as gentle drops of rain.
Give my hands that power to ease sorrow and pain,
And a trusting smile of sweet assurance
That reveals to the dying, he is not alone, and forlorn;
And to the living suffering, a hope of health reborn.
Most Magnificent Power, Behold—
Look upon these stricken by griefs untold,
See how they lie, smitten with sorrow, aye,
In their sickness, as a babe, without power.
Oh, that I may be your instrument, and possess that gift,
To strengthen their bodies, minds, and hearts.
Give me fortitude to behold suffering,
Even suffering of the worst degree; that I may not shirk from it
And thereby, not unheeding their plea
They beg in weak voices to enlighten their pain,
Oh let me feel worthy of a nurse's name;
As I softly from one to another go,
Make them feel better, forget sordid woe.
The house of Shadows with corridors many,
Haunted by strange cries of those within,
Here a shriek, there a groan, further yet a faint, faint moan—
Is not a pathway of roses—
'Tis a weary, wicked road of many thorns,
Pricking my conscious soul
Till it bleeds with sympathy and understanding
For these poor afflicted ones.
Look upon this innocent babe—
My heart aches—all but breaks
As I behold, now, the cold elfin form
Of the pure little white angel;
'Twas ago but a short moment
When body was hot with rough torment,
And now slowly freezing in death.
The sweet innocence upon his lips without hue,
Eyes glittering bright as drops of dew—
Even left two precious tears behind,
Now resting passively on paled cheek.
Tiny baby hands so cold and stiff,
Lying without life in my own warm grip.
Take care of this, Your Angel, who grew out of love,
'Tis in sad moments as this
I need strength and perseverance most;
When cold death lurks about.
Let me walk bravely on hand in hand,
While they stay, until the end,
When cruel death calls and claims—
Swooping down, a huge bird of prey,
And binding the victims to its omnipotent chains.

J. KALDON.

Class Prophecy

AS we leave our Alma Mater, we feel that we have had a glimpse of Life in its many phases. We have observed the Jekyll and Hyde personalities of people in sickness and recovery. We have been thrilled with the families when dear ones have recovered, and experienced the joy of advent of new ones. Along with the joys we have grieved with loved ones in sorrow and death.

It is true that hard work, worry, and sometimes sickness have overtaken us in our three years here, but we have had many good times, and are somewhat reluctant to leave.

Then as we spend our last days as students we seem to realize that we are a lot older, have more responsibilities and must prepare ourselves for the future.

In serious thought we wander off into dreams, imagining that we are looking into a crystal ball and it is painting for us our future life's picture. It tells us that out of such a large class of healthy young girls there will be many who will mate and be an asset to the future generation in the application of the knowledge they have gained in our maternity and pediatrics departments.

The field of nursing has many possibilities so we are not surprised to see some making great strides in public health work, school nursing, army, navy and red cross work.

A few of the more ambitious, who, having been fired with zest and awe of their superiors in student days, have completed special courses in advanced nursing theory.

Notable among our classmates are the few who, having been impressed with the acts of God in our hospital training days, are working and ever striving to enlarge the field of missionary work.

Clinic and operating room work held a fascination most acute, and those who were able to adapt themselves to its nerve-racking revelations have taken it upon themselves to assist in tutoring our successors.

It is pleasant to sit and observe the activities of our classmates, it gives us new hope. We see that the field of special nursing has possibilities which we overlooked.

The thrill of contemplation has given way to the joys of realization of our ambition to take a special course in pathology, thereby enhancing our value in the field of industrial nursing.

It is inevitable that a few of our classmates will not have reached their goal and for those whom Fate has cheated, the fondest memories will still linger. Our minds will often revert to our training days and we will live again the joys we knew then.

ALMA C. JONES

Diary

JANUARY 28, 1929.

Dear Diary: Along with thirty-five other determined and anticipating young women, I found myself being led to the eighth floor of the hospital. Dropping our baggage and faces, we sat on the edges of the assigned beds, grinning shyly at each other. We finally became acclimated and lived a very busy existence for the next four months. Our studies were intense, but we mastered them with a diligence we have often wondered at since. Anatomy probably allowed us the least sleep, but we survived.

MAY 30, 1929.

Diary dear: I don't write often, but when I do something has happened! The biggest thing in our so far insignificant lives—and on Decoration Day, too—we got our caps! Even though they had very little starch in them, and we wore them quite awkwardly, we felt proud and pinned them with three pearl-headed pins, *exactly* one inch from the hair-line (the front one).

Lots of incidents and accidents; those that should be remembered will be, but those that are best forgotten certainly can't be mentioned here.

MARCH, 1929.

Oh, Diary: Let me tell you about the St. Patrick's party the Juniors gave us. Everything in green and loads of fun and good spirit.

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST.

Oh, Diary: I'm so tired. This night duty is hard on one's slumber, especially on Sunday nights after a drive through Fairmount Park and very little rest. But I'll bear up because vacation time draws near.

SEPTEMBER.

Tell me, Diary, did I look so frightened as these girls? Goodness, they have a large class—ninety! I hear they joined our group to form the 1932 class.

OCTOBER.

Diary, we had the nicest Hallowe'en party. I'm sure the others enjoyed it as much as we did.

DECEMBER.

Christmas time! Quite different from that spent at home. Most of us have forty-eight hours off over New Year's. They tell us we *may* get our choice in two years.

JANUARY, 1930.

On the 17th the rest of our class got their caps. Now we all look like real nurses (at least we think so).

Our Basketball Team gave us a dance at the Y. M. C. A., and we were allowed to go. The girls looked so different in pretty dance frocks. It gives one an entirely different opinion of them. I know I looked (?) and felt a lot better.

During the early spring the Basketball Team made us proud we belonged to Hahnemann. Diary, they played wonderfully, and such success!

Goodness, I haven't written in you for ages! You can't imagine how hard we have worked and how much we have learned. And the fun! Gosh! our class seems to

The Hahn-O-Scope, 1932

stick together dandy for such a large group. Do you know, at night, when we're starving, we go from room to room, actually asking for food? We always find a "laundry" box somewhere, full of goodies.

DECEMBER, 1930.

Diary: I don't know when I've had so much real pleasure. I had to work over Christmas, but it was wonderful. We are in Pediatrics, and those dear sick kiddies forgot their fractures, chicken-pox, pneumonia and osteomyelitis when they saw Dr. Seyfried dressed as merry old St. Nicholas.

JANUARY, 1931.

The beginning of the third year for part of the class. Does it seem possible that we are so far on the road? Just wait until the 28th and we don the black bands. Then we'll feel important and have a chance to test our executive ability and try to teach the younger girls the easiest way to do the tasks that mean so much to the poor patients.

MARCH.

Diary, the plans for the entertainment of the Senior Class are completed. Do you think they'll like the ride in the taxi to the French Grotto? And the dinner, balloons, knockers and cuff-links? We are all excited, and I know we'll enjoy it.

APRIL.

A really and truly organized Glee Club of Hahnemann presented its first concert. Every one called it a success and were terribly proud.

MAY.

Oh, Diary, this has been such a busy month! The spring formal given by the Seniors at the Adelphia had us in a flurry for weeks, and now they are graduating. We attended the Florence Nightingale memorial service in a student body, and I know we all left it with a feeling of deep reverence and admiration.

Well, summer has passed again, and we settle down once more for classes and initiation of new "probies."

NOVEMBER

What a dance! Honestly, it was too perfect for many words. Imagine us arrayed in all our glory—frocks of all hues, fabrics and size. It was held at the Pennsylvania Hotel and the time, place and tunes were splendid.

Diary: The end of 1931 and the beginning of 1932 were full of epidemics. Five of us were severed from our appendices and six of our class occupied beds at Municipal Hospital. Now does that sound like we practice what we preach?

JANUARY, 1932.

The beginning of the end! Dare I count the days, the weeks, the months? Some of us finish so soon. Are we glad?

There is a mingled feeling of joy, fear, anticipation, realization and satisfaction. What do we like most? What shall we do?

There was Obs. with its narrow escapes. Pediatrics with the sweet babies. Clinics with its tense moments and works of skill. Kitchen with its KAK Ratio. And all the other departments, each giving us something to take with us on our lone trail.

Diary: Training was an adventure, and we can never say we are sorry we chose it. Wonder what I'll write about three years from now?

K. E. CROWE.

NAME	EXPRESSION	PASTIME	WEAKNESS	FUTURE
M. Adorian	Oh, gee whizz.	Reading	Night duty	Night nursing.
E. Alberts	Say, you	Reading letters	A Southerner	H. W.
A. Antes	My gosh	Sports	Basketball	Olympic star.
L. Baynes	I could die	Dates	Big men	Society leader.
M. Blackburn	My heavens	Dressing	Clothes	Mannequin.
C. Bradley	Jeepers	Writing letters	Spring Lake	H. W.
W. Budahn	Say, there	Making peace	Long walks	National Arbitrat.
E. Buffington	Gee, I don't know.	Swimming	Men's Medical	Special for Diabetics.
M. Clement	For goodness' sake.	Reading	Flirting	Ilazy.
E. Clinton	I'm telling you.	Worrying	Dances	Hank's special.
V. Clouse	I don't care.	Telling things	Dates	H. W.
M. Connelly	Say	Dancing	Dancers	Dansecuse.
H. Cronrath	No kiddin'	Cooking	11-30's	H. W.
K. Crowe	For heaven's sake.	Housekeeping	N. H. S.	H. W.
J. Cusintine	Well, I'll be.	Dating	Too many dates.	H. W.
H. Dosch	Oh, gee, no	Riding	Automobiles	School marm.
E. Earnshaw	Oh, yeah!	Visiting	Smoking	Champion cow caller.
M. Evans	Do you really.	Phone calls	Frat pins	Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.
D. Falconer	Well, I'll be.	Working	Worrying	H. W.
H. Faust	So, then	Night duty	More night duty.	Some night duty cases.
		"Hollering" in the shower	Babies	Hygieness.
D. Fischer	Well, I'll be darned.	Reading	Books	Librarian in a hospital.
F. Fosnacht	Listen	Keeping that school-girl	That certain party	Movie star.
U. Fox	No kidding	complexion	Novels	Scenario writer.
M. Foy	Aw, well	Keeping silent	Hats and Hats.	H. W.
V. Gerleman	Of all things.	Dressing up	Elephants	H. W.
V. Glasgow	There ought to be a law.	Smiling	Keeping quiet	Orator for women's suffrage.
S. Godfrey	So, I said.	Talking	Clocks	Time saver.
H. Haas	Say, if I.	Hurrying	Arguing	Social worker.
L. Hankinson	Gosh, darn	Being cheerful	Pastries	Galli-Curci's rival.
A. Hildenbrand	La-la-la-la	Eating	Gripping	An advertiser for Henna Foam
M. Hobbs	You said it.	Giggling	Explaining	Supervising.
T. Johnson	Land's sakes	Walking	Scolding	Doctor's wife.
H. Irving	Well, now	Looking for Jane.	Week-ends	Hostess.
A. Jones	Now, let me tell you.	party	G. B. region.	H. W.
O. Jones	So I said to her.	Telling a good story.	Spanish cream and Spaniards	Poet laureate.
J. Kaldon	Volumtious velocity	Artistry	Ruffles	Ladies' stylist.
M. Kazlusi	Do you think.	Dressing up	Making desserts	Actress.
A. Kessler	What d'ye think I am.	Imitating		

NAME	EXPRESSION	PASTIME	WEARNESS	FUTURE
E. Kilduff	My, that's good-looking...	Talking	Sterile tables	???????
V. Kimsey	For pity sakes...	Telling what Dr. — said...	Interns	Supervisor.
			Bungalows on Sassafras	
D. Kirkpatrick	You see, it's this way...	Cutting out ads...	River	Rich bachelor girl.
F. Kofroth	You don't mean it...	Eating with Alma...	Sports	Gym. instructress
C. Lavelle	Oh, my	Reading	S. G. Ru.	Hahenmann's Asst. Supt.
		Waiting for letters from		
F. Loew	Well, gee	Syracuse	Sleeping	H. W.
R. MacRae	Well, well	Arguing	Giggling	Teacher.
L. Menges	Oh, yeah	Playing piano	Movies	Piano player in the movies.
				Head of the "House with
E. Moore	I'm sufferin'	Resting or itching...	Clark Gable and onions...	Gables."
H. Moore	Geez	Acting	Caricatures	Comedienne.
R. Morris	Oh, yeah	Studying	Dancing	Teaching nurses.
M. Musser	Golly	Painting	Tareytons	Artist.
H. McGuigan	Well!	Teasing	Hahenmann's ponies	Mickey Mouse.
F. Ottey	Naw	Reading	Dirt	Mr. Kellar's successor.
		Writing letters to		
M. Owens	What the heck!	Johnstown	Bossing	Doctor's wife.
M. Painter	Shookums	Dancing	Movies	Gormley's Asst.
G. Pettit	You never told me...	Asking questions	Listening to jokes...	Missionary.
	You wouldn't kid me,			
S. Prichard	would you?	Cheer leader	The Marines	Army nurse.
I. Reeves	No funen	Singing	Horses and C. Hamilton.	Dietitian.
V. Reiner	Like fun	Giggling	Breaking Dates	Vamp.
E. Renninger	Oh, gee	Being nice	Helping others	Missionary.
	That's a tough one to			
G. Richardson	bury	Making melody	Wise-cracking	H. W.
H. Ritter	Oh, heck	Motoring	Taking it easy...	Wealthy matron.
H. Schneider	Oh, yeah?	Dancing	Blondes	Home wrecker.
N. B. Schrey	Oh, goodness	Canoeing	Opposite sex	Rural nurse.
I. Smith	If you do and I find out.	Dancing	Tall, dark men	Special for G. I. cases.
C. Strang	Duflopis	Millville	One man	Hostess.
N. Strong	You don't tell me?	Visiting	Square nosed dog.	Visiting night nurse.
R. Tierney	Squirt	Going places	Clothes	Mannquin.
E. Turpin	Aw, come on.	Movies	Worrying	Social worker.
A. Walls	Say, there	Steady company	Her BF.	H. W.
R. Ward	Guess who I just saw?	Telephoning	Phones	H. W.
L. Weber	Oh, yeah?	Doing things	Dates	Actress.
G. Wilcos	It's just like this.	Going places	Leases	H. W.
N. Zerbe	Oh, boy!	Talking	Telling good stories...	H. W.

The Senior Prom

Let me see your dress?

What color is your wrap?

Have you a pair of crystal earrings?

With whom are you going?

And so on for weeks before the dance on November Sixth. No wonder it was such a success, after the preparation and detail work.

We drove up to the Hotel Pennsylvania in royal style. Everyone dressed meticulously.

It being proper to arrive a little late, strains of the newest music greeted us as we were received very graciously by Miss Richardson.

The merry chatter and the constant soft swishing of gowns told everyone that all was going well.

We are sure no one would have missed the chairs furnished for us when we tired, because they were conspicuously vacant.

Such pep exhibited—but then they say that good music is infectious and causes symptoms of pleasurable excitement.

If we hadn't been furnished with programs, we could not have distinguished the planned novelty dances from the spontaneous ones.

It can't possibly be time to go—why we're not the least bit ready for sleep.

Being naturally "starved," we sought food and ended the evening with an "early" breakfast, at Linton's.

"Senior Christmas Dance"

Between Christmas spirit and that kindled by appreciation, the dance started off with vim and vigor.

Miss Smith and the Hospital Association made it possible and perfectly enjoyable. The atmosphere created by the cleverly arranged winter scenes was felt and evidenced.

Our need for a refreshing punch was also anticipated and Mr. Minter supplied it.

We were permitted to bring our friends and they too enjoyed the evening to the fullest degree.

The Ethical Nurse

The art of nursing is a gift of God,

Where cultured brain with heart and hand unite;

And tireless feet that tread softly

In healing ministries. The nurse—with light

Of knowledge she obtained in nursing schools—

Combining intellect, affection, will,

Now executes the doctor's strictest rules,

With tactful art and scientific skill—

What patience and endurance she maintains,

Inspiring hope within the patient's breast;

In that sick-room, the white-robed maiden reigns,

Demanding God's pure air and peaceful rest.



W. M. M. M.

Humor

Pearls of Wisdom Gathered from Examination Papers

Clara Barton was the first Superintendent of Nurses of Hahnemann Hospital.
She also drove an ambulance in the late world war.

Reflection is permitted by joints.

The brain is one of the cavities of the body.

Matriculation is a mechanical process of digestion carried on in the bladder.

The sinus node is called the paste maker of the heart.

One of the ills attendant upon a common cold is "deftness."

Hutchinson's teeth are a sign of overdose of mercury.

A vaccine is a dead bacteria suspended upon salt water.

A nurse should always be able to hold back her facial notions.

Does McBurney's point have a lighthouse?

What kind of people live on the Island of Langerhans?

Who wrapped the bundle of "His"?

Miss Kreiser, "How old are you, sonny?"

Patient in crib in 737 (bass voice): "Twenty-one."

Advertisements

99⁴/₁₀₀% purePettit
Time to retire.....E. More and F. Loew
Good—They've got to be good.....All of us
Now—Peace of mind you never knew before.....Morning of day-off in kitchen
The pause that refreshes.....Our 2 hours off duty
57 Varieties (minus 56).....Our lunches
Clean inside and outside.....Clinic on Saturday
They all stared when I sat down.....In Medical
Imagine my embarrassment.....G. U. Clinic
Keep that school-girl complexion.....Use Pearl Soap
What a whale of a difference a few "sense" makes.....In an emergency

What Would Happen If

Pediatrics didn't have an isolation case?

Medical's beds weren't moved for a whole day?

Surgical didn't have its "Lily Pond"?

Obs' elevators were farther away from 442?

Clinic girls got hours every day?

Gyn. had no exams. in the middle of everything?

Nurses' homes were uninhabited by animal life?

Laundry sent all our laundry back, whole?

Internes redressed daily before 6.55 P. M.?

Mr. Minter—"What do you think of our steak?"

Nurse—"They're too small for their age."

Hildenbrand—"I lost a lot of weight in clinic."

Godfrey—"I don't see it—"

Hildenbrand—"How could you, I've lost it."

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

An appendix is a portion of a book, which no one yet has discovered of any use.

Sr.—We're going to start a new campaign against malaria.

Probe—"What are the Malarians doing now?"

Ruth Morris—"I don't feel like going to class."

Mrs. Dyer—"Why not?"

R. M.—"I don't feel well."

Mrs. D.—"Where don't you feel well?"

R. M.—"In class."

Nurse—"There's a light-headed patient in 652."

Dr. Piersol—"Delirious or blonde?"

Nurse—"I want to get a new collar."

Ditto—"Like the one I'm wearing?"

Nurse—"No, a clean one."

Pettit—"My work is very original."

Mrs. Dyer—"Yes, even your spelling is your own."

Mrs. Dyer—"Define fissure."

Bright Lass—"One who fishes."

Some nurses learn from experiences.

While others never recover from them.

Clinic Supervisor—Miss Moore, get me a "25 basin."

Ella Moore—"Shall I bring 15 now and 10 later?"

Student—"But officer, I'm a medical student."

Officer—"Ignorance is no excuse."

Mrs. Dyer—"Did you take a quiz yesterday?"

Mickey—"Why—er—no—Is there one missing?"

H. Moore—"Oh, so you wear gloves all the time to keep your hands soft?"

Kilduff—"Yes, indeed."

H. M.—"And do you sleep with your hat on?"

Never judge a nurse by the clothes she wears; they probably belong to her roommate.

Nurse—"Well, how are you today?"

Patient—"I'm better than I was, but I ain't as good as I was before I got as bad as I am now."

Who

Who spilled alcohol on the pan reserve?
Put the first payment down on the sterile table?
Knows all our Boy-Friends, weight, salaries and middle names?
Shaved a patient's neck for a T. and A.?
Sterilized a flask of HgC12?

Miss Fisher—"Miss Reeves, bring me the Sanka, please."
Miss Reeves (bringing carrots)—"Here they are."
The few who knew that coffee was desired, laughed.

Dr. Powell—"No wonder these new patients can't sleep; you wouldn't either, if you were in a strange bed."
Miss Dosch—"Oh, but I never get into a strange bed!"

"I am never well—I can't say why," said the patient. I get a sort of pain, I don't know exactly where, and it leaves me kind of—I don't know how."

"This is a prescription for I don't know what," said the doctor. "Take it, I don't know how many times a day for I can't think how long, and you'll possibly feel better, I don't know when."

Frankenstein's Newest Creation The Perfect Hahnemann Girl

Hair	Haas
Eyes	Schofield
Nose	Bradney
Lips	Falconer
Teeth	Glasgow
Skin	Fox
Ears	A. Jones
Brain	MacRae
Figure	Connally
Disposition	Renninger
Carriage	Gerdlemann

The Thundering Horde.....	Probies at noon.
The Lure of the Mask.....	Clinic.
The Enchanted Hat.....	Our First Cap.
All at Sea.....	Dietetics Lectures.
An Ordeal of Honor.....	Any exam.
The Barrier	15th Street door.
Big Brother	Dr. McFadyen.
The Light in the Dark.....	Mrs. McBride.
Dr. S. O. S.....	Any Obs. Interne.
Forever Free	Graduation.
The Forbidden Trail.....	To the Interne's quarters.
Freckles	Buffington.
Just Like Heaven.....	A Week-end.
Bread and Jam.....	Dinner at 10 P. M. instead of 6 P. M.

A Nurse's Psalm

These are my patients,
They shall not want,
I maketh them to lie down in warm blankets.
I feedeth them with a glass tube,
I restoreth their health,
I teacheth them the way of our hospital
For my sake.
Yea, though they sleep in plasters and splints,
They shall feel no pain.
My smile and my hope they comforteth them.
I prepare my hypos in the presence of the supervisor.
I anoint their bed-sores with oil,
Their kidney basins run over.
Surely bed-pans and groaning,
Will follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in a uniform forever . . .

The End of a Nurse's Day

Seven o'clock—and the nurse's work
Was done for another day.
She heaved a sort of tired sigh
And put the charts away.
Then sat for a moment and bowed her head
Over the little white desk—
"I wonder," said she to herself, "after all,
Am I really doing my best?
Perhaps I could have begun the day
With a brighter, cheerier smile,
And answered the bells with a 'Right away'
Instead of 'After a while.'"

"And I might have listened with sweeter grace,
To the story of Six's woes;
She may be suffering more, perhaps,
More than anyone knows.
And I might have refrained from the half-way frown,
Although I was busy then,
When the frail little girl, with sad blue eyes,
Kept ringing again and again.
And I might have spoken a kindlier word,
To the heart of that restless boy,
And stopped a moment to help him find
The missing part of his toy."

"Or perhaps the patient in Eighteen A,
Just needed a gentler touch;
There are a lot of things I might have done
And it wouldn't have taken much."
She sighed again and brushed a tear,
Then whispered—praying low,
"My God, how can You accept this day,
When it has been lacking so?"
And God looked down—He heard the sigh,
He saw that shining tear;
Then sent His Angel Messenger,
To whisper in her ear . . .

"You could have done better today,
But, oh, the Omnipotent One,
Seeing your faults, does not forget,
The beautiful things you have done.
He knows, little nurse, that you love your work
In this house of pain and sorrow,
So gladly forgive the lack of today,
For you will do better tomorrow."
The nurse looked up with a grateful smile,
"Tomorrow I'll make it right";
Then added a note in the order book,
"Be good to them tonight."

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1932

WE, the noble, illustrious, and inimitable Class of 1932, do declare and publish this as our last will and testament, thereby automatically cancelling all other wills and testaments heretofore made, in whatever obscurity; and we make the following provisions to wit:

We bequeath to the new senior class, our much strived for black bands, be they frayed, torn, faded or showing any other signs of decrepitude, hoping the said students will use them to the fullest advantage.

We impart to the Juniors, our broken studs, frayed collars, torn aprons, patched dresses, and all other such articles that signify a mark of worthy service and many reprimands.

We endow to those who believe they can use them, a varied but potent collection of padlocks and keys, to be used for "Gene's," "Abe's," the "Elks," the "Camden Bridge" and similar tabooed institutions.

We bestow on the unsuspecting Probationers, all our fears, troubles, discarded notes, innocent minds and stainless souls.

We cast to the bonfire experts among our successors, with fiendish glee, the remains of our black shoes (and what shoes) and our flawless hose—

We turn over to the Philadelphia Historical Society, the silver (?) serving trays, and salt shakers, which so faithfully served us during our stay.

We will to Helen Gilligan, Hazel Moore's sense of humor and hope she will use it.

We will to Cook, Fisher, Lofink, Bensinger and Midlen, Kirkpatrick's ability to keep out of trouble.

We will Peg Kazulski's wardrobe to D. Gordon.

We turn over Fritz Kofroth's and Alma Hildenbrand's appetite and excess avoirdupois to anyone who think they can do justice to them.

We bestow to Helen Costlow, Claire Bradney's pep.

To Rieland, enough of Antes' height—to pin the doctor's gown.

Miss Prindle receives Earnshaw's freckles.

To Margaret Sharpless, we bestow Tierney's infallible line.

To anyone interested in Southern gentlemen, we leave Estelle Albert's letters.

Hazel Dosch kindly leaves her numberless ashtrays to Hartranft.

Ruth Ward's and Vesta Reiner's giggles to Anne Fox, with the expectation that "*similia similibus curantur.*"

To Cooper, we leave Hobbs' "Treatise on Dyeing."

We bestow Kilduff's volubility to Corl.

Olivia Jones wishes to leave her Gall Bladder disturbance, so we offer it to the chefs who prepare our meals.

To Lovie Kohut, we leave a few inches of Reiner's height.

To D. MacTague, we will Dosch's ability to sleep in class.

On this second day of May, 1932, we set our hand and seal to this our last will and testament.

—CLASS OF 1932.





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